

Treasure Chest

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OF

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BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY



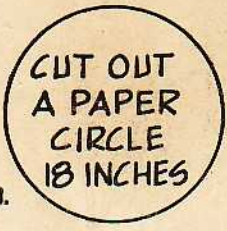

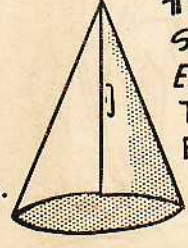



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TREASURE CHEST'S FUN PAGE

HOW TO MAKE A CLOWN HAT

1.  CUT OUT A PAPER CIRCLE 18 INCHES
2.  NOW FOLD ON CENTER
3.  THEN ROLL INTO A CONE SHAPE AND OVERLAP THE EDGES UNTIL THE HAT FITS THE HEAD. FASTEN EDGES WITH PIN OR SCOTCH TAPE..
4.  COMPLETE YOUR HAT WITH A PAPER BALL ON TOP.

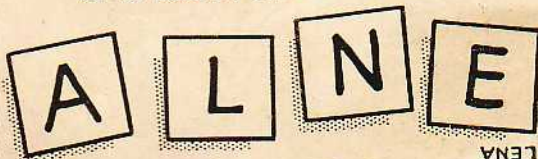
with hammer

THE MOVING BONE

HOLD THIS PICTURE ON THE LEVEL WITH YOUR EYES AND BRING IT SLOWLY TOWARD YOUR FACE UNTIL YOUR NOSE TOUCHES THE BLACK DOT. HOLD IT THERE A FEW SECONDS AND THE BONE WILL APPEAR TO MOVE AND ENTER THE DOG'S MOUTH...



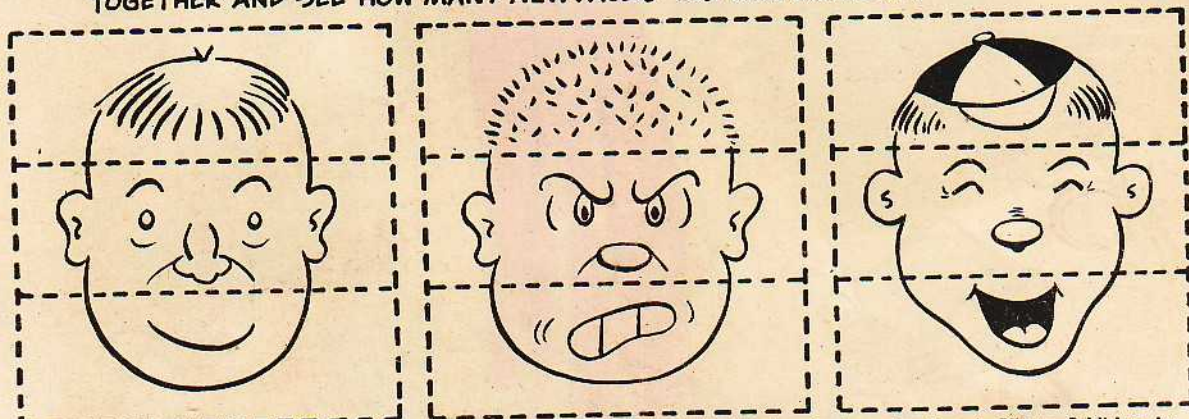
CAN YOU ARRANGE THESE SQUARES TO SPELL A GIRL'S NAME?



LENA

MAKE YOUR OWN FACES

CUT OUT THE SQUARES BELOW ON THE DOTTED LINES. PASTE ON HEAVY PAPER OR CARDBOARD. THEN CUT THE SQUARES INTO THIRDS. PUT THE DIFFERENT THIRDS TOGETHER AND SEE HOW MANY NEW FACES YOU CAN MAKE...



Dangerous Mission

PART TWO
*Overboard
in the Swamp!*
by F. E. Crandall

Illustrated
by
Frank Borth

HENRI'S
FATHER
AND M.
POITER
STAND
CAPTIVE
BEFORE
THE
BRITISH
CAPTAIN...

YOU ARE
THE OWNER OF
THIS PLANTATION,
FRENCHIE?

I AM THE OWNER,
AND AN AMERICAN.



FRENCHIE OR YANK...
WE'LL DEAL WITH YOU IN
THE SOUTH AS WE DID
WITH THE REBELS IN
WASHINGTON AND
QUEBEC.



GOOD WORK, LIEUTENANT CARR!
NOW TAKE 'EM AWAY AND LOCK
'EM UP. WE WOULDN'T WANT
THEM TO SPOIL OUR LITTLE
SURPRISE FOR OLD
JACKSON!



LIEUTENANT ROLLINS, RETURN TO
GENERAL PAKENHAM, GIVE HIM OUR
LOCATION, AND TELL HIM WE'LL
START MARCHING ON NEW ORLEANS
AT DAWN. I SHALL PLAN TO JOIN
FORCES WITH THE MAIN ARMY
TWO DAYS
HENCE.



IF I CAN GET WORD
TO JACKSON, HE'LL BE
ABLE TO CLEAN UP THIS
SMALL FORCE AND HAVE
TWO DAYS TO PREPARE
FOR PAKENHAM'S
ARMY!







ALL ALONG THE STREAM THEY SEARCHED IN THE PALE LIGHT OF THE MOON...

...FEARING A SUMMONS TO HALT AT EVERY MOMENT...



...THEN...





... POISONOUS SNAKES COULD DROP ONTO THE RAFT...



... THE GREAT SWAMP GATORS, ON THE PROWL FOR FOOD...



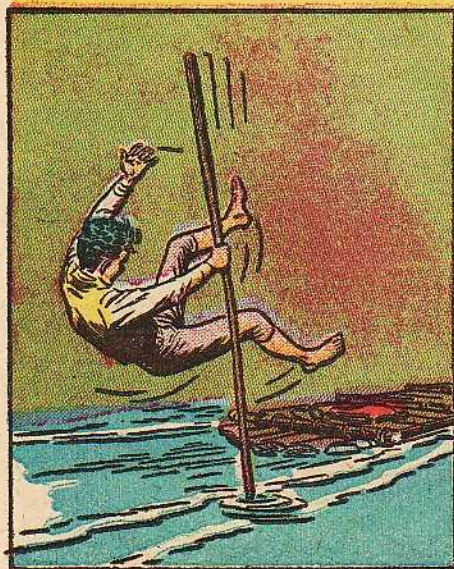
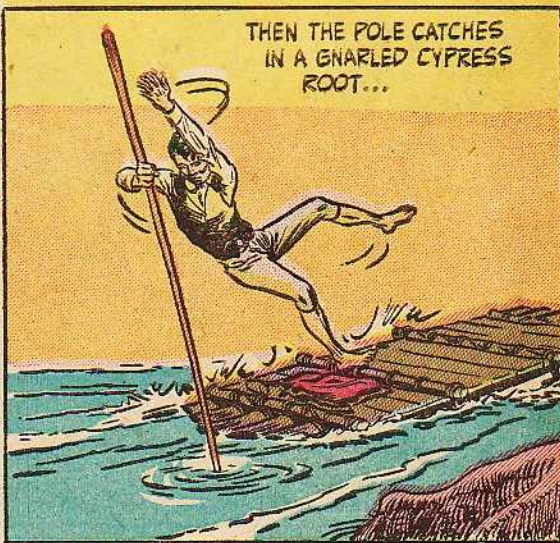
... THE STREAM ITSELF, TURNING AND TWISTING,
WHERE ONE COULD BE LOST FOREVER.



BUT HENRI, FACING THESE BOLDLY,
FLOATED ON HIS WAY...



THEN THE POLE CATCHES
IN A GNARLED CYPRESS
ROOT...



OVERBOARD - AND PREY TO ALL THE
DANGERS OF THE SWAMP!



TO BE
CONTINUED

WORDS THAT LIVE JOB

BY F.E. CRANDALL

Illustrated by Paul Zender

MANY, MANY CENTURIES BEFORE THE BIRTH
OF CHRIST, A WEALTHY MAN
NAMED JOB LIVED IN THE
LAND OF UZ.



GOD POINTED OUT JOB'S PIETY
TO SATAN, WHO REPLIED...

HE DAILY MADE SACRIFICES TO GOD, LEST HE OR ANY ONE
OF HIS FAMILY MIGHT HAVE IN SOME SMALL WAY OFFENDED HIM.

THOU HAST BLESSED
THE WORK OF HIS
HANDS, BUT PUT
FORTH THY HAND
AND TAKE AWAY
ALL THAT HE HATH
AND HE WILL
CURSE THEE.

ALL THAT
HE HATH IS IN
MY POWER.



SO, TO PROVE JOB'S GOODNESS, GOD LET SATAN
WORK EVIL ON HIM...



"THE SABEANS FELL UPON THY
OXEN AND TOOK THEM AWAY."



"FIRE HAS FALLEN FROM HEAVEN AND
BURNED THY SHEEP AND SERVANTS."



... BUT JOB DID NOT
BLAME GOD...

THE LORD GAVE,
AND THE LORD HATH
TAKEN AWAY; BLESSED
BE THE NAME
OF THE LORD!



YEA... BUT PUT FORTH
THY HAND AND TOUCH
HIS BONE AND HIS FLESH
AND HE WILL CURSE THEE

SO GOD PERMITTED SATAN TO COVER JOB'S BODY WITH SORES, TO TRY HIM FURTHER...

DOST THOU
STILL HAVE
THY FAITH?

WHAT! SHALL WE
RECEIVE GOOD AT THE
HAND OF GOD, AND...
NOT RECEIVE EVIL?

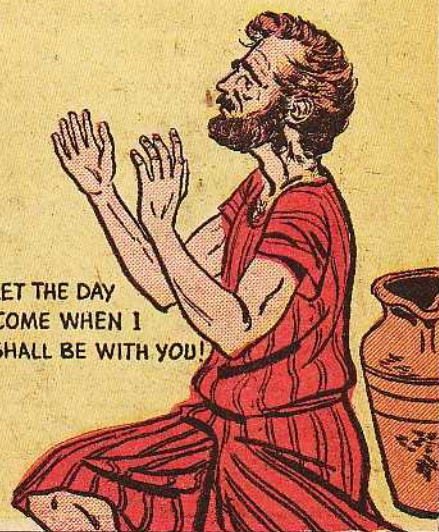


THREE OF JOB'S FRIENDS HEARD OF THE EVIL, AND CAME TO SEE HIM...



JOB, UNABLE TO BEAR HIS FRIENDS' GRIEF, CALLS UPON GOD TO END HIS MISERY...

LET THE DAY
COME WHEN I
SHALL BE WITH YOU!



ONE OF HIS FRIENDS TRIES TO COMFORT JOB...

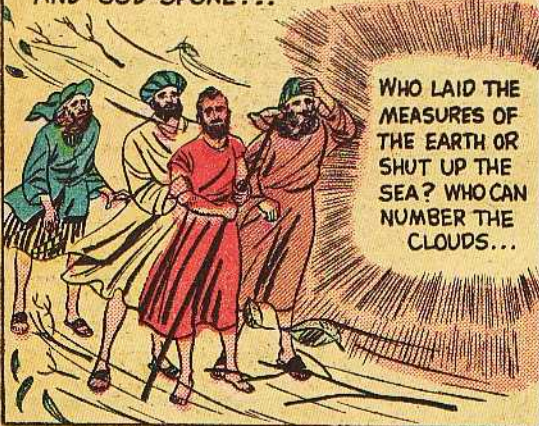
HAPPY IS THE MAN WHOM
GOD CORRECTETH; DESPISE
NOT THE PUNISHMENT
OF THE ALMIGHTY.



...AND JOB REPLIES IN WORDS THAT WILL BE REPEATED
COUNTLESS TIMES IN AGES TO COME...



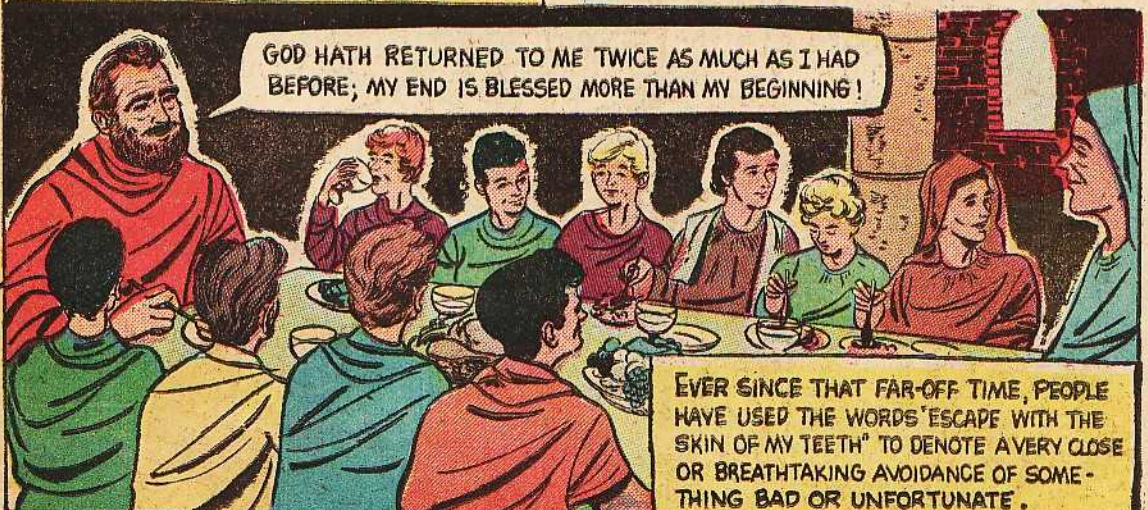
THEN THERE AROSE A GREAT WHIRLWIND,
AND GOD SPOKE...



... AND AGAIN TRIED JOB'S FAITH!



GOD BLESSED JOB FOR HIS PATIENCE
IN HIS MISFORTUNE...



EVER SINCE THAT FAR-OFF TIME, PEOPLE
HAVE USED THE WORDS 'ESCAPE WITH THE
SKIN OF MY TEETH' TO DENOTE A VERY CLOSE
OR BREATHTAKING AVOIDANCE OF SOME-
THING BAD OR UNFORTUNATE.

Chuck White

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BY CAPT. FRANK MOSE



THE PANAMA CANAL —
CROSSROADS OF THE
WESTERN HEMISPHERE!

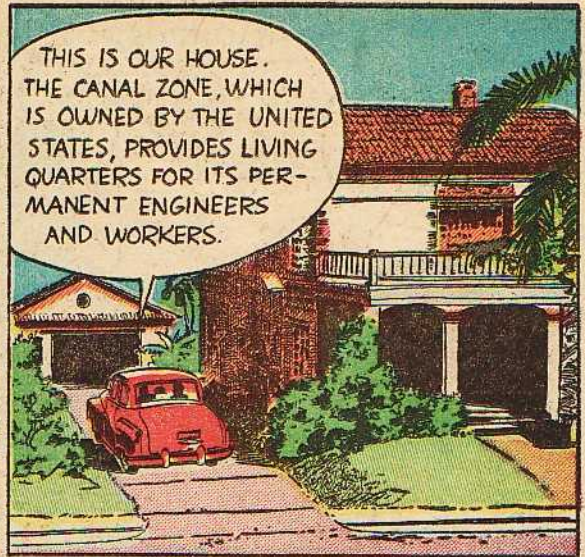
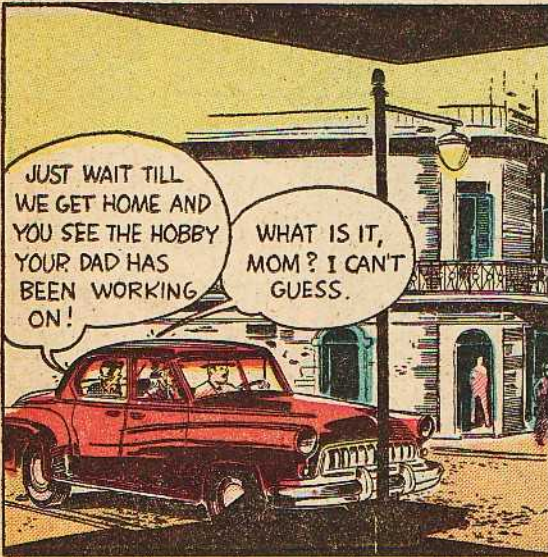
ILLU. BY PAUL KNECHT

MOTHER! DAD! IS
IT EVER GOOD TO
SEE YOU TWO!

DAD, THIS IS
CHESTER BELLOWS.
WE FLEW DOWN
TOGETHER.

HELLO, CHESTER — YOUR FATHER
WAS UNABLE TO LEAVE THE
CONFERENCE AND ASKED US TO
TAKE YOU HOME WITH US.

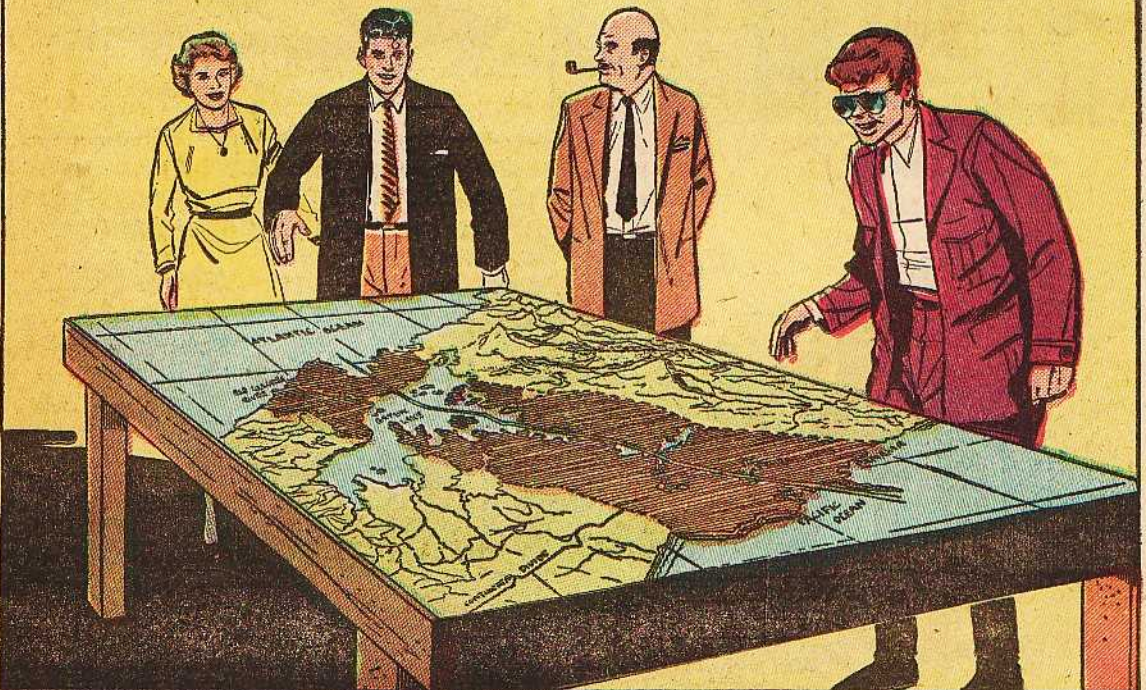


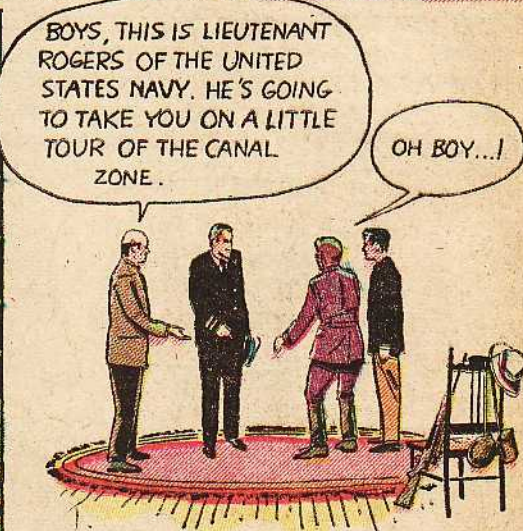
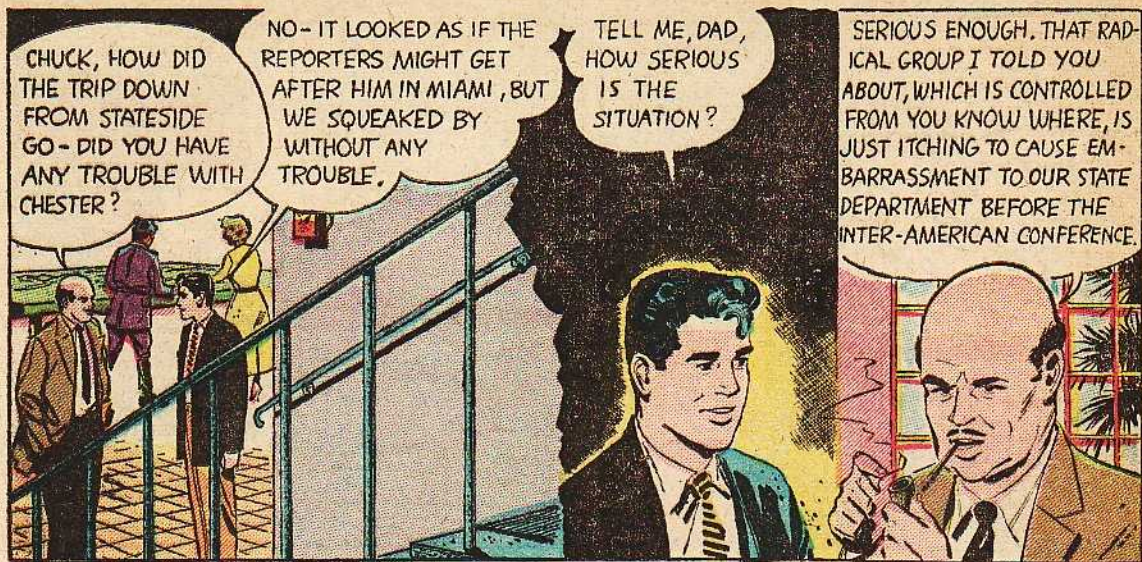


SHIPS USING THE PANAMA CANAL MUST BE RAISED TO THE LEVEL OF GATUN LAKE BY PASSING THROUGH A SERIES OF LOCKS. THE WATER LEVEL OF THE LAKE IS CONTROLLED BY THE DAM AND LOCKS AT GATUN AND THE LOCKS AT MIRAFLORES.

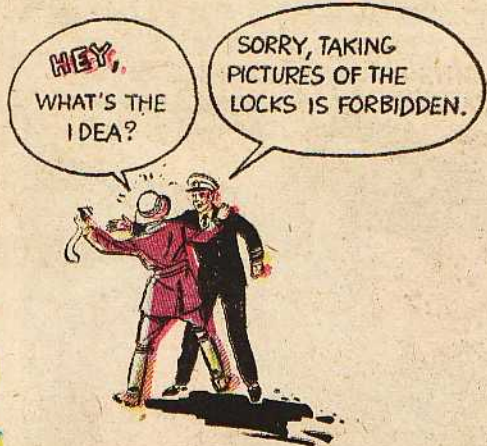
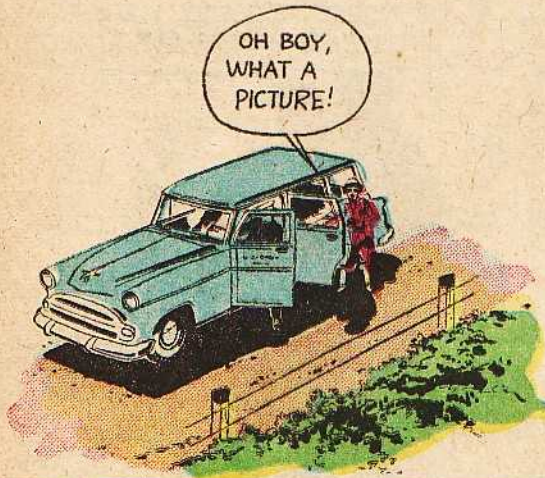
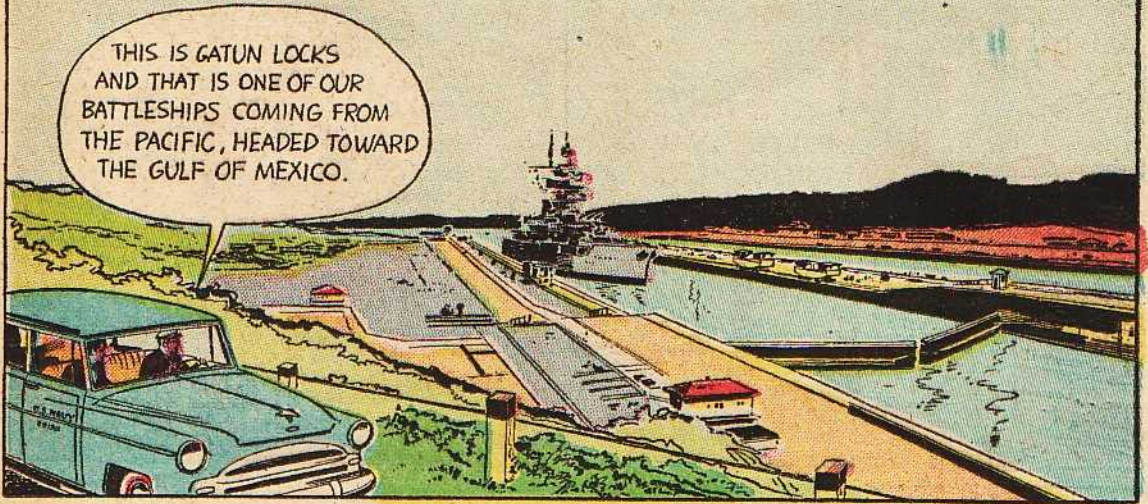
THE PANAMA CANAL SAVES SHIPS CRUISING FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC A RUN OF OVER 9,000 MILES AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AND RUGGED CAPE HORN...

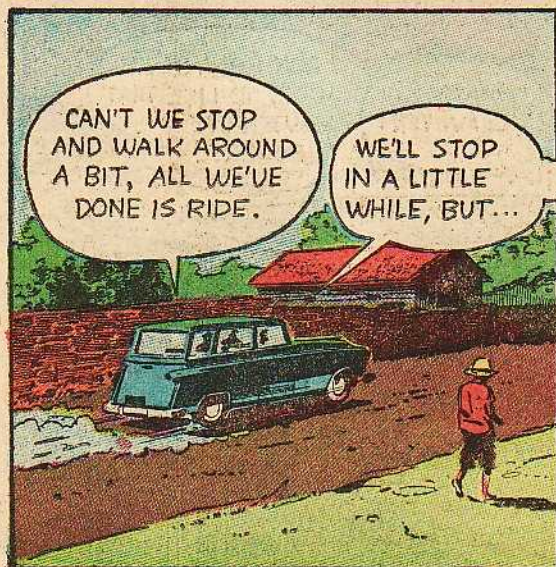
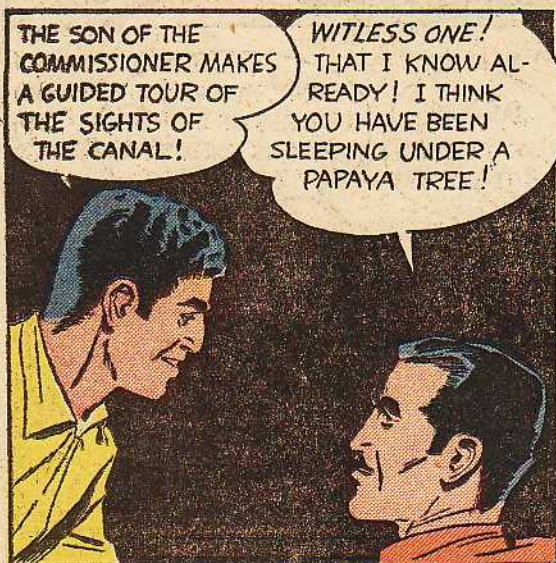
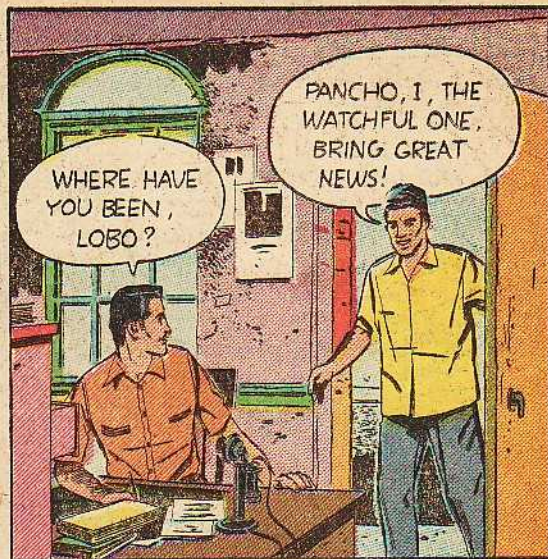
WHY, IT'S A RELIEF MAP OF THE CANAL ZONE! IT'S WONDERFUL!

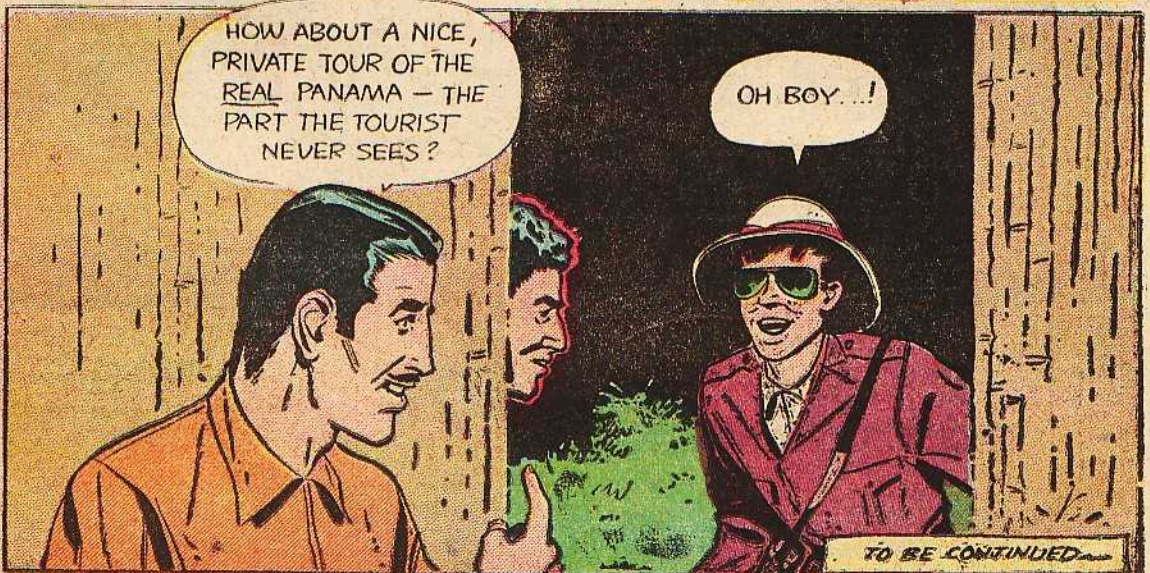




A LITTLE LATER...



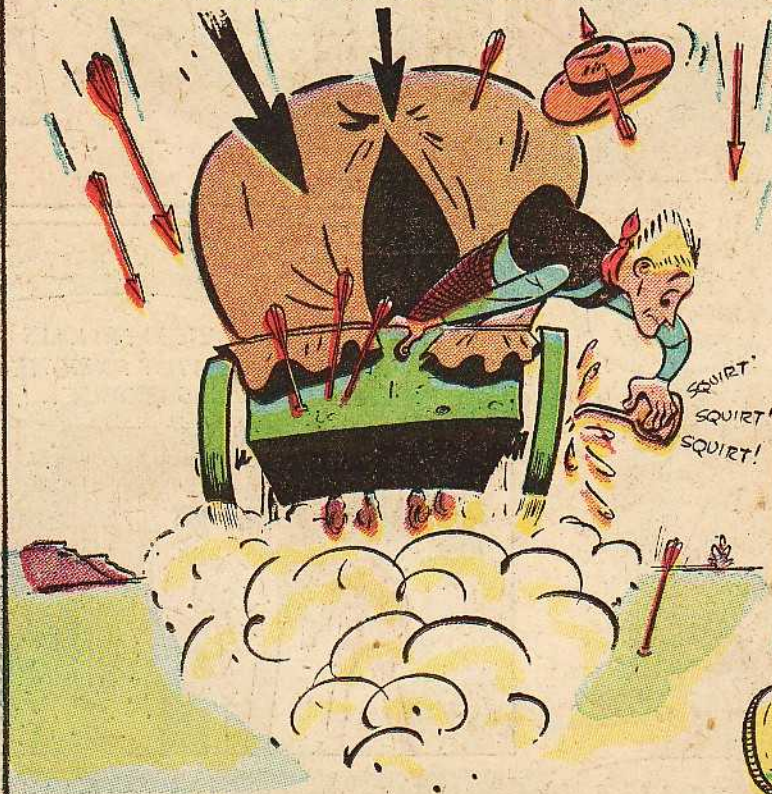




FASTER THAN GREASED LIGHTNING...

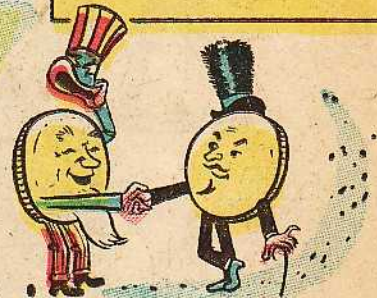
THERE'S NOTHING FASTER THAN LIGHTNING - ESPECIALLY "GREASED LIGHTNING." SO WHEN WE SAY SOMETHING IS "FASTER THAN GREASED LIGHTNING" - WELL ITS SPEED IS TREMENDOUS!

OUR INVENTIVE COLONIAL ANCESTORS ADDED THE "GREASED" PART, KNOWING THAT A WAGON WITH GREASED WHEELS WILL GO FASTER THAN ONE WITH DRY WHEELS.



WHO S FIRS

THE SOURCE OF S
EXPRESSIONS GOES
YEARS. OTHERS AR



PIECES OF EIGHT.....

LARGE AMOUNTS OF SPANISH DOLLARS CIRCULATED THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES BECAUSE OF OUR COMMERCE WITH SPANISH TERRITORIES.

THROUGH OUR PURCHASES OF SPANISH LAND EVEN MORE "PIECES OF EIGHT" WERE ADDED TO OUR CURRENCY.

UP TO THE CIVIL WAR THE SPANISH DOLLAR WAS USED ALONG WITH THE AMERICAN DOLLAR

THEY WERE BOTH EQUAL IN VALUE. THE SPANISH DOLLAR, WORTH 8 REALS (REH-AHLS'), HAD THE NUMBER 8 STAMPED ON IT. HENCE ONE WHO HAD SEVERAL OF THESE DOLLARS HAD "PIECES OF EIGHT." OUR EXPRESSIONS "TWO BITS" (25¢) AND "FOUR BITS" (50¢) ARE DERIVED FROM THE REAL, WORTH ONE EIGHTH OF THE SPANISH DOLLAR.

FASTER THAN GREASED LIGHTNING....

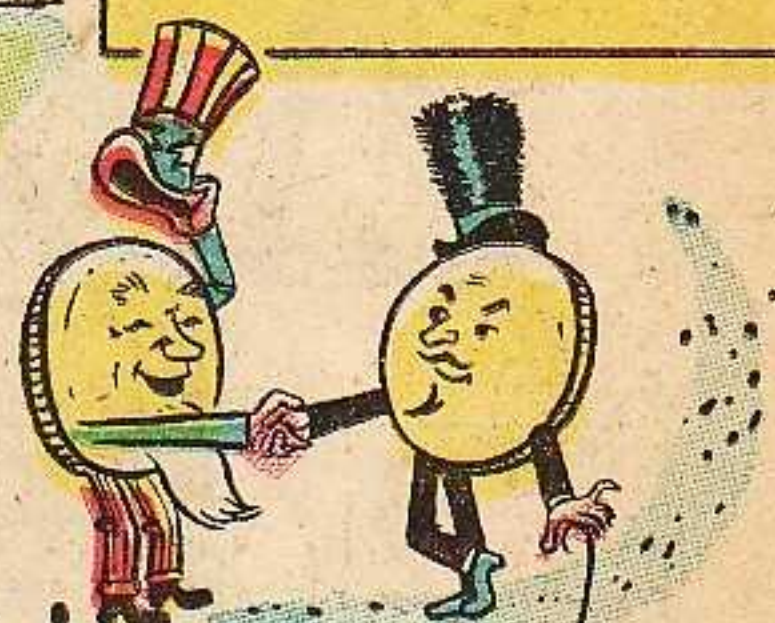
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WHO SAID IT FIRST?

THE SOURCE OF SOME OF OUR CURIOUS EXPRESSIONS GOES BACK HUNDREDS OF YEARS. OTHERS ARE OF RECENT ORIGIN.



PIECES OF EIGHT.....

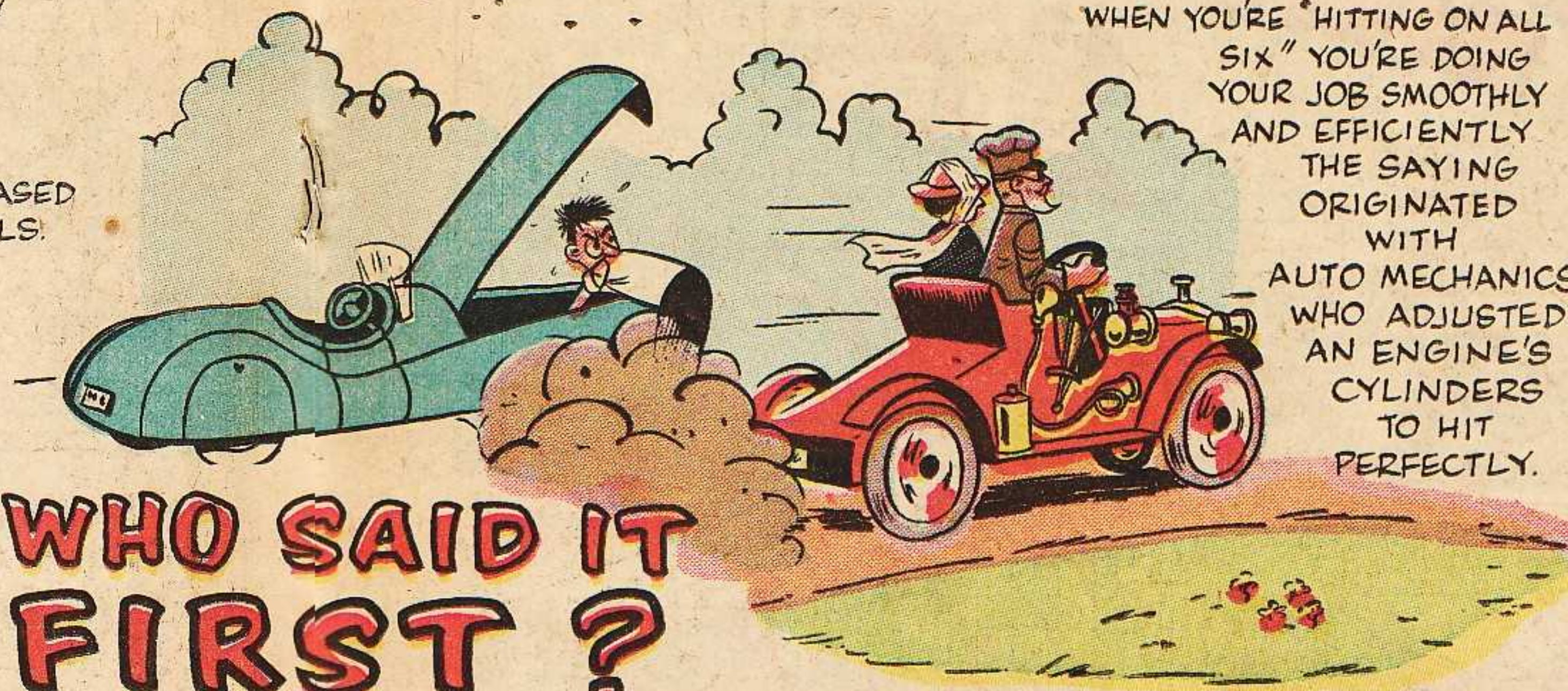
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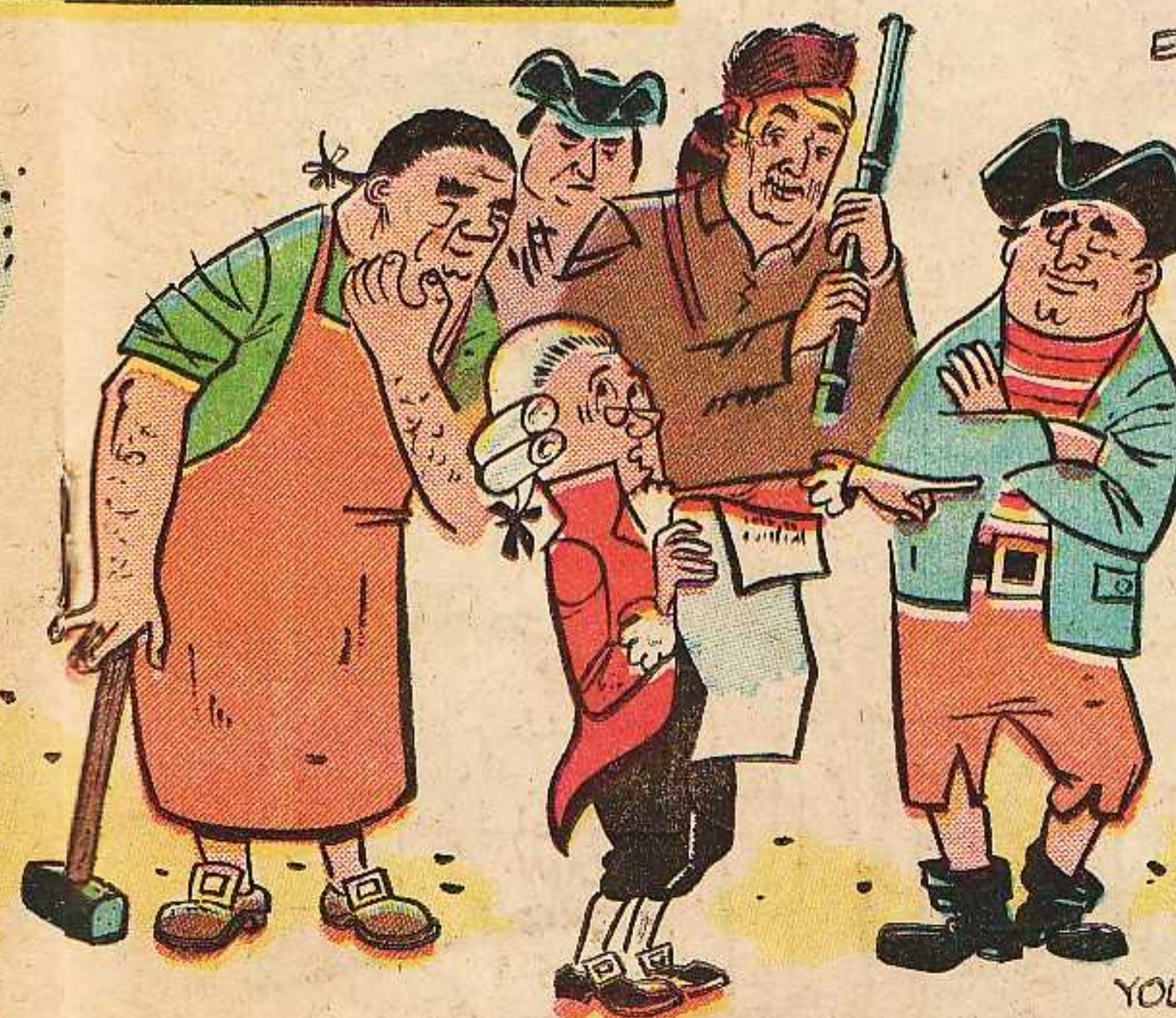
HITTING ON ALL SIX.....

WHEN YOU'RE "HITTING ON ALL SIX" YOU'RE DOING YOUR JOB SMOOTHLY AND EFFICIENTLY. THE SAYING ORIGINATED WITH AUTO MECHANICS WHO ADJUSTED AN ENGINE'S CYLINDERS TO HIT PERFECTLY.



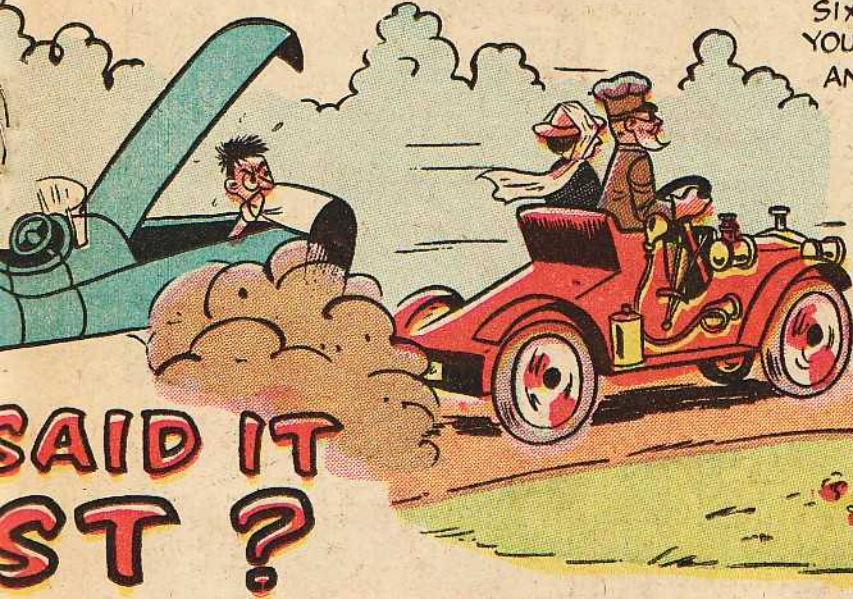
TO READ THE RIOT ACT.....

IN 1716 GEORGE I OF ENGLAND ORDERED THAT ALL UNRULY CROWDS BE "READ THE RIOT ACT." ENGLISH LAWS WERE CALLED "ACTS" AND THIS ONE ORDERED THEM TO SCATTER AND GO BACK HOME. NO DOUBT GEORGE III HAD IT READ QUITE OFTEN TO HIS REBELLIOUS AMERICAN COLONIES. NOWADAYS WHEN YOU'RE SCOLDED AND WARNED AGAINST ANY FURTHER MISBEHAVING YOU'RE BEING "READ THE RIOT ACT."



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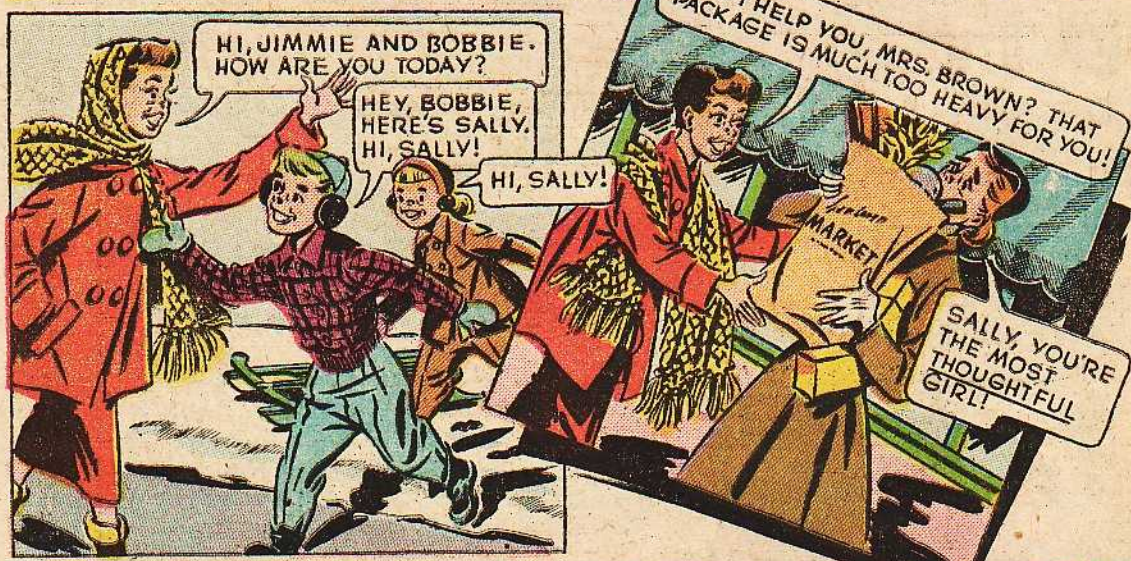
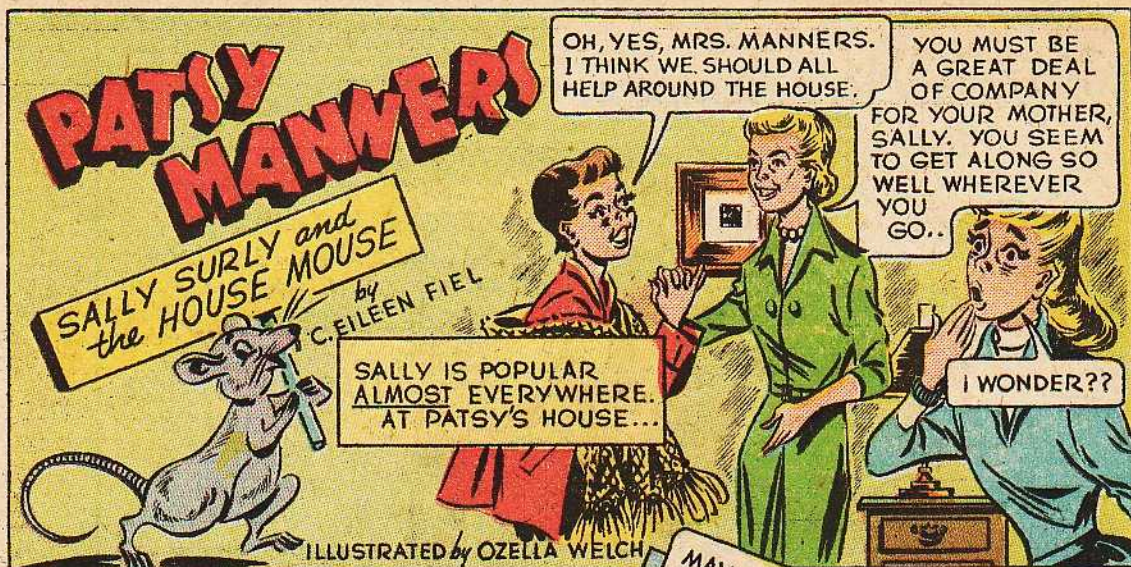
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BUT AT HOME, IT'S ANOTHER STORY, AS THE HOUSE MOUSE CAN TELL YOU...

... AND WHEN MOTHER NEEDS HELP...



We built AMERICA

Prepared under the supervision
of the Commission on American
Citizenship, Catholic University
of America—Washington, D.C.

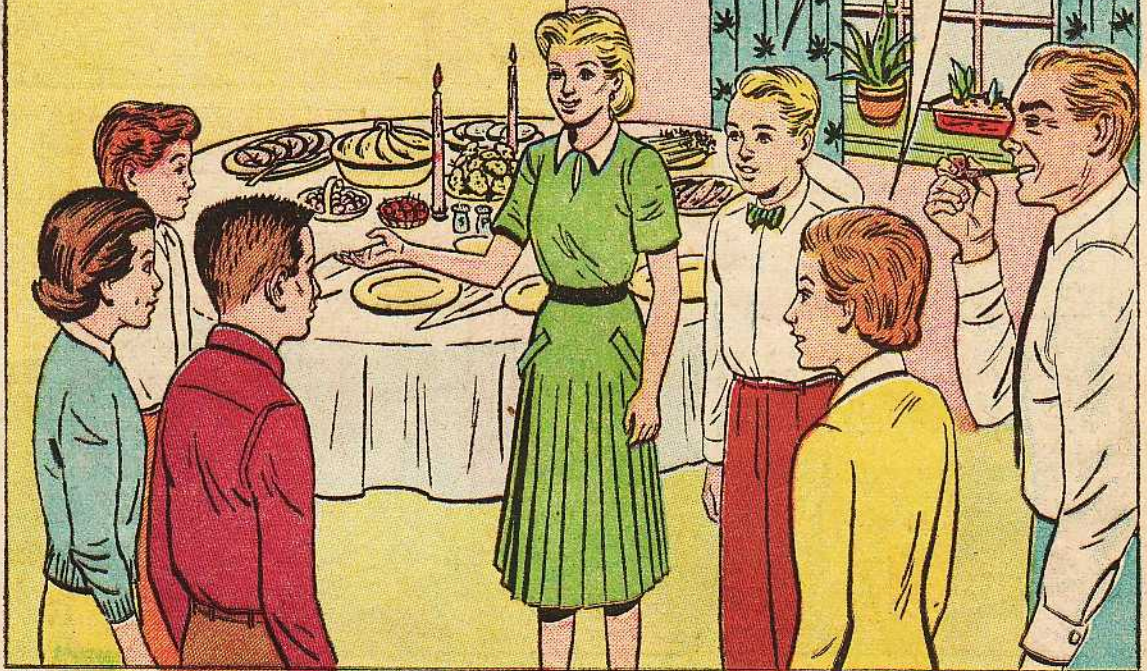
illustrated by **TOM
EAGLIN**

FRANK PEDERSEN, WHOSE GRANDPARENTS WERE FROM NORWAY, HAS TAKEN HOXIE AND NEAH TO HIS HOME...

WELCOME, FRIENDS! WE DECIDED THAT A SMÖRGÅSBORD WOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO BEGIN YOUR STUDY OF SCANDINAVIAN WAYS.

YES—IT'S A BIG WORD, BUT ALL IT MEANS IS A TABLE FILLED WITH GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

ESPECIALLY LUTEFISK, WHICH, I THINK, IS THE BEST WAY TO PREPARE CODFISH.

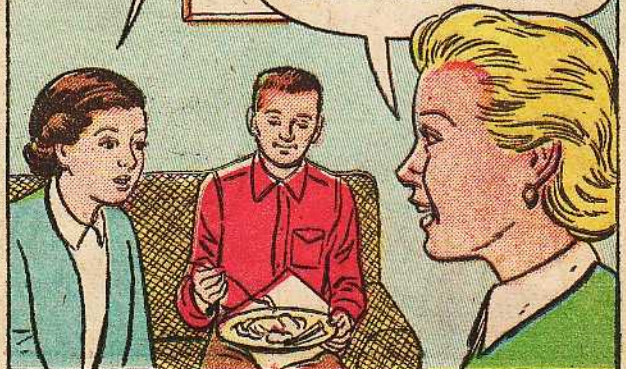


I'M DISCOVERING THAT THE OLD RECIPES ARE AMONG THE BEST THINGS YOU NEWCOMERS GAVE TO THIS COUNTRY.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN NEWCOMERS! WHY WE SCANDINAVIANS WERE HERE BEFORE COLUMBUS!

BEFORE COLUMBUS?

CERTAINLY! AWAY BACK IN 1000 LEIF ERICSSON WAS TRYING TO GET FROM NORWAY TO GREENLAND, BUT BECAUSE OF A DENSE FOG HIS SHIP DRIFTED ON THE SEA, COMPLETELY LOST.



"AFTER MANY DAYS THE CREWMEN SAW A COASTLINE. HISTORIANS ARE NOT CERTAIN WHICH COASTLINE IT WAS. SOME SAY IT WAS NOVA SCOTIA—OTHERS THAT IT WAS NEW ENGLAND. THE FACT THAT THEY LANDED HERE IS THE ONLY THING WE'RE SURE OF."



I'VE FOUND PLANTS AND VINES IN THERE. LET US CALL THIS NEW COUNTRY VINLAND.

"LEIF RETURNED TO HIS HOME AND TOLD ABOUT THE NEW LAND. LATER, THORFINN KARLSEFNI, ONE OF LEIF'S RELATIVES, WENT TO VINLAND AND FOUNDED A COLONY. SHORTLY AFTER HE GOT THERE..."

"WE DO NOT HAVE MANY WRITTEN RECORDS ABOUT THESE VERY FIRST IMMIGRANTS, BUT WE DO HAVE THE ICELANDIC SAGAS..."



YOU NOW HAVE A SON, THORFINN.

THE FIRST CHILD IN THE NEW LAND! WE SHALL CALL HIM SNORR.

"...IN WHICH BARDS SANG ABOUT THE DEEDS OF THE HEROES OF NORWAY, ICELAND, AND GREENLAND."

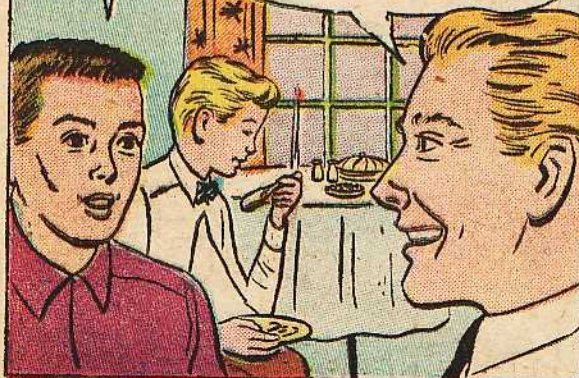
ARE THE SCANDINAVIANS A SEPARATE RACE?

NO—WHEN WE SAY SCANDINAVIANS WE MEAN THE PEOPLE FROM NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK. THEY'RE A LOT ALIKE IN MANY WAYS BUT THEY ARE FROM DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

"THE SWEDES FIRST CAME IN 1638. PETER MINUIT BROUGHT A SHIPMENT TO THE DELAWARE COAST."

ARE YOU SURE THEY WILL BE FRIENDLY TO US?

I'M FAIRLY SURE. REMEMBER I BOUGHT MANHATTAN ISLAND FROM NATIVES WHO WERE A LOT LIKE THESE PEOPLE.



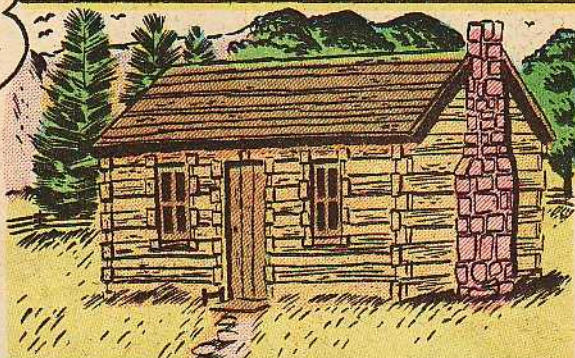
"MINUIT WAS RIGHT. THE COLONY PROSPERED AND SOON SPREAD OUT INTO WHAT IS NOW NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA."

OUR LEADER, WILLIAM PENN, WOULD LIKE TO BUY SOME INDIVIDUAL PLOTS OF LAND. HE WANTS TO START A CITY HERE.

I'M SURE THE SWEDES AND QUAKERS CAN COME TO JUST TERMS.



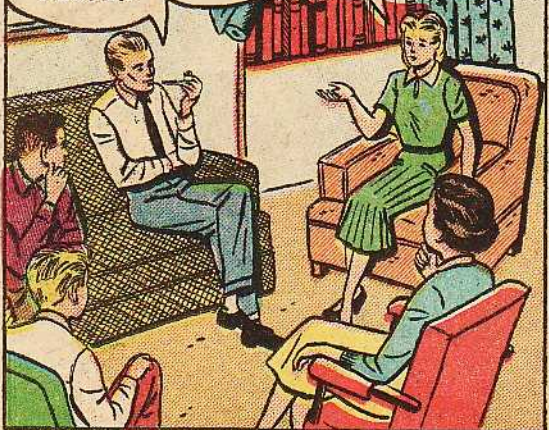
"FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, THE SWEDES CONTRIBUTED THINGS THAT BECAME PART OF THE AMERICAN SCENE. THE LOG CABIN, FOR EXAMPLE, WHICH BECAME THE HOMESTEAD OF MANY PIONEERS..."



"... CAME TO US FROM SWEDEN."

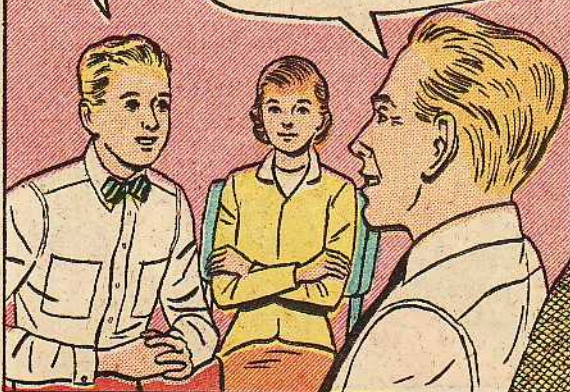
IN 1825 OUR COUNTRY RECEIVED ITS FIRST LARGE SHIPMENT OF SCANDINAVIANS FROM NORWAY.

THEY WERE MOSTLY FARMERS, FISHERMAN, AND CRAFTSMEN.



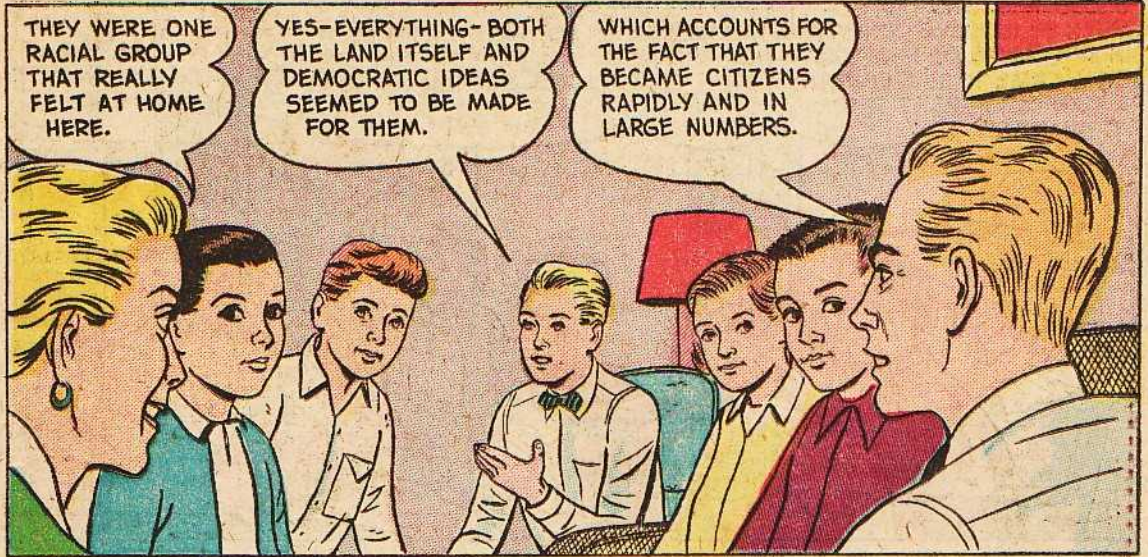
AND THEY BROUGHT DEMOCRACY WITH THEM.

YES—FOR THE NORWEGIAN CONSTITUTION OF 1814 WAS A VERY DEMOCRATIC ONE AND WAS PARTLY MODELED ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

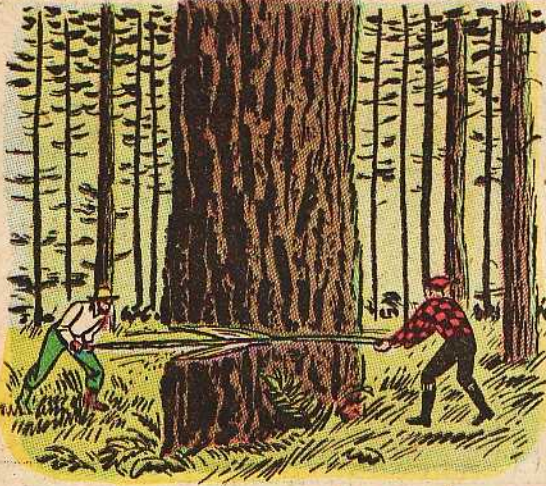


"ONCE SETTLED HERE, MANY OF THEM TURNED TO FARMING. THEY BEGAN WHAT HISTORIANS HAVE CALLED 'THE CONQUEST OF THE PRAIRIE.' IN ALL, THEY MADE FARMS OF OVER 10 MILLION ACRES OF LAND."





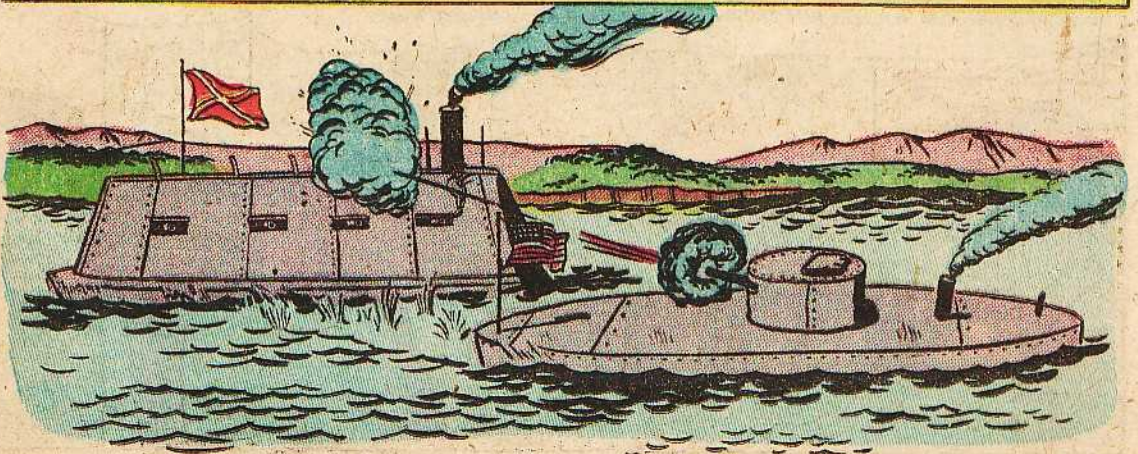
"THERE WERE NEW TRADES WHICH APPEALED TO MANY OF THEM. IN OUR FORESTS FOR EXAMPLE..."



"AND OLDER TRADES, LIKE FURNITURE MAKING, WHICH THEY COULD DEVELOP."



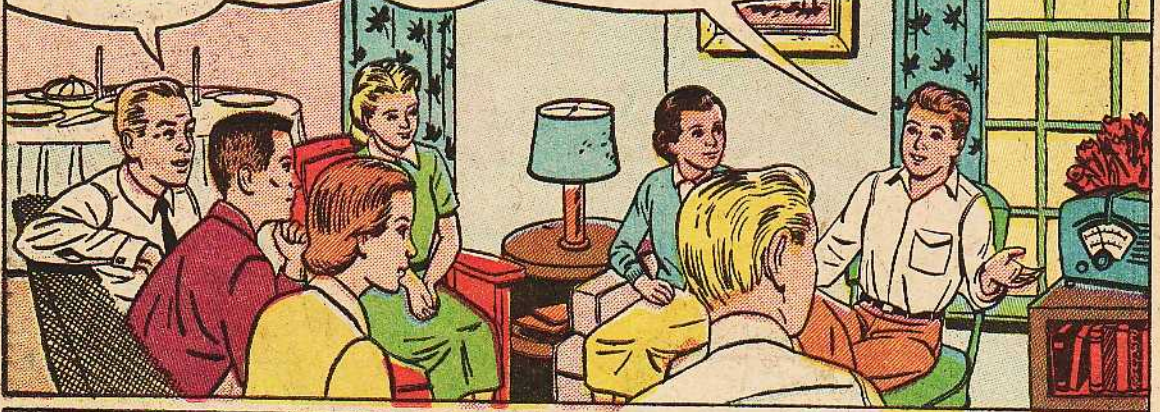
"SOME SCANDINAVIANS PLAYED IMPORTANT PARTS IN OUR HISTORY—JOHN ERICSSON, FOR EXAMPLE, A SWEDE, WHOSE INVENTION, THE MONITOR, WON AN IMPORTANT BATTLE IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES."



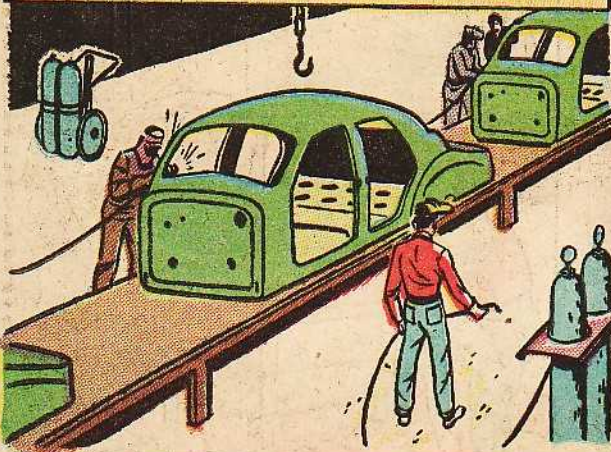
TREASURE CHEST

JACOB RII, WHO DID SO MUCH TO IMPROVE CONDITIONS IN THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK CITY, CAME TO THIS COUNTRY AS AN IMMIGRANT FROM DENMARK.

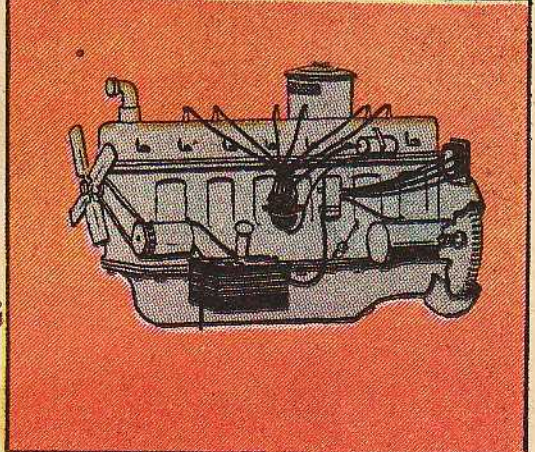
AND WE HAVE A SWEDISH IMMIGRANT, FREDERICK ALEXANDERSON, TO THANK FOR AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE MODERN RADIO SET—THE SPECIAL PART THAT SELECTS THE STATION WE WANT TO HEAR.



"ONE OF OUR GREAT INDUSTRIES OWES MUCH TO THIS RACIAL GROUP, FOR IT WAS SWEDES WHO WORKED OUT THE PROCESS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF STEEL AUTO BODIES..."

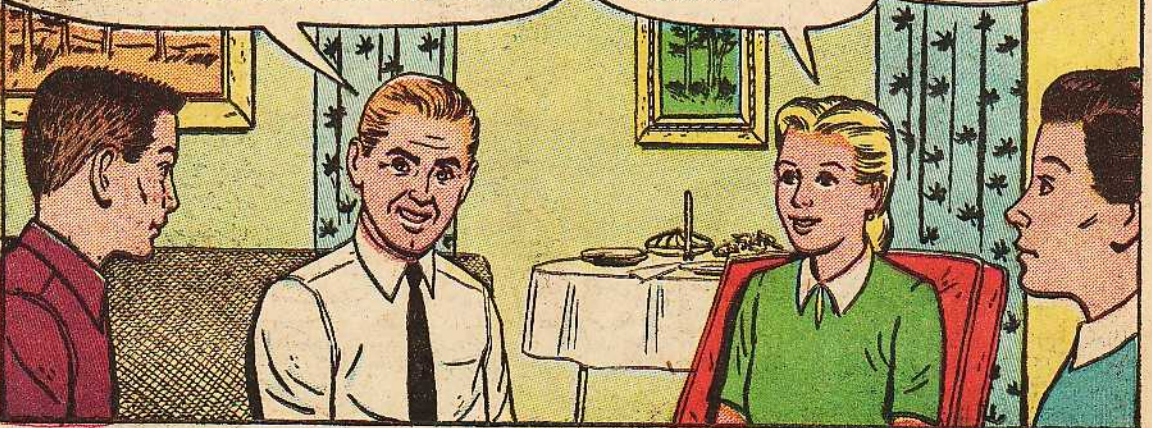


"...AND IT WAS ONE OF THIS GROUP WHO INVENTED THE SPRING THAT MAKES THE AUTO SELF-STARTER POSSIBLE."



YES—BECAUSE THEY COULD FIT THEMSELVES INTO A NEW LIFE EASILY, WEREN'T AFRAID OF HARD WORK, AND COULD ENDURE DIFFICULT LIVING CONDITIONS, THE SCANDINAVIANS MADE FINE ADDITIONS TO THE AMERICAN PATTERN.

WE MUSN'T FORGET THAT WE SECOND-GENERATION AMERICANS CAN MAKE THOSE SAME QUALITIES AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE PATTERN WE'RE STILL WEAVING.



St. Robert Bellarmine

~ PATRON OF CATECHISTS

Illustrated by
Lloyd Ostendorf

SISTER, WHAT'S A CAT — CAT — CATE — WHATEVER THAT WORD IS ?

THE WORD IS CATECHIST. IT MEANS SOMEONE WHO TEACHES CATECHISM.

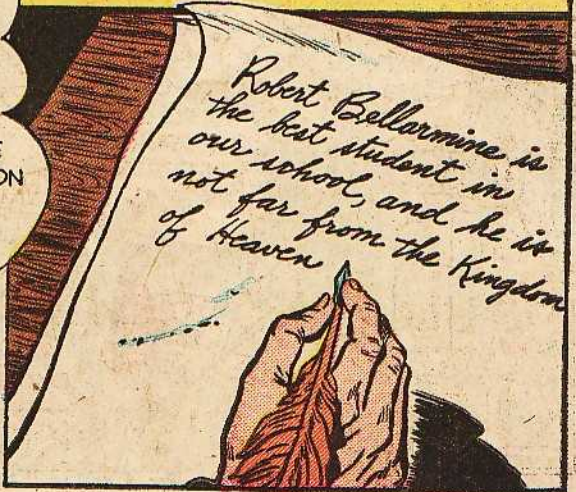


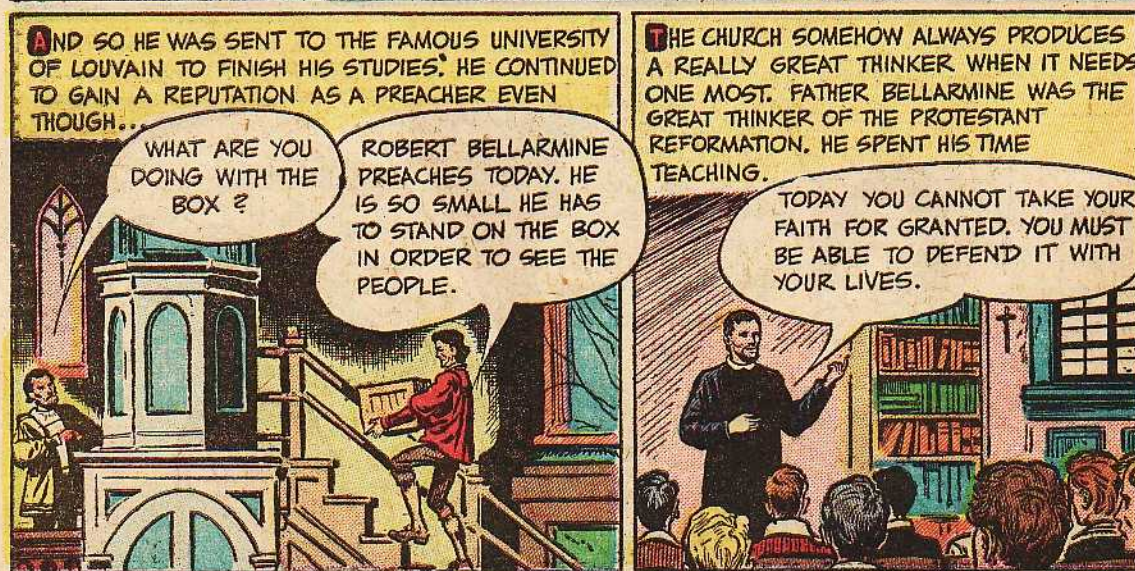
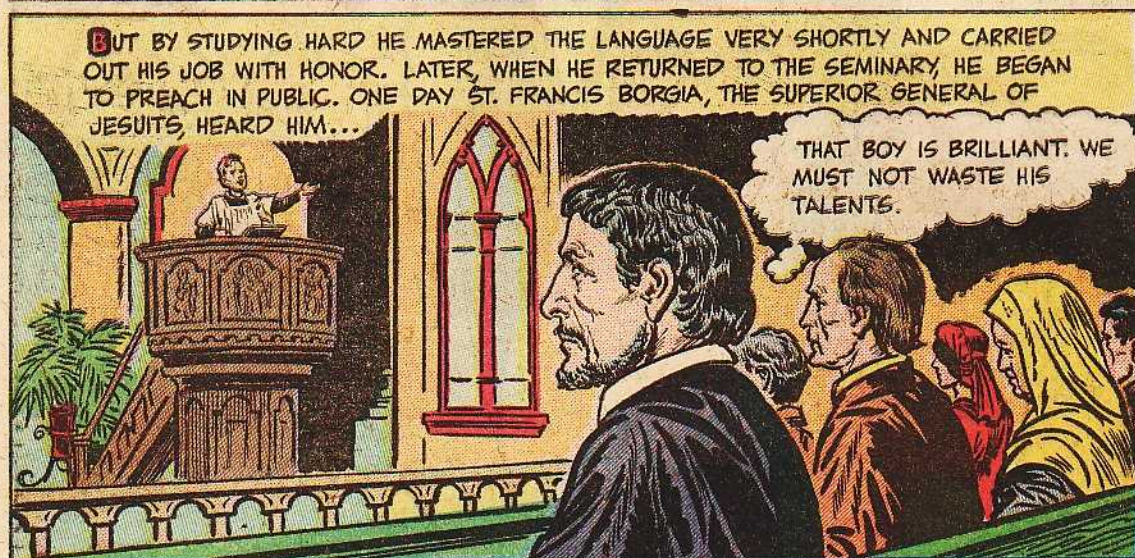
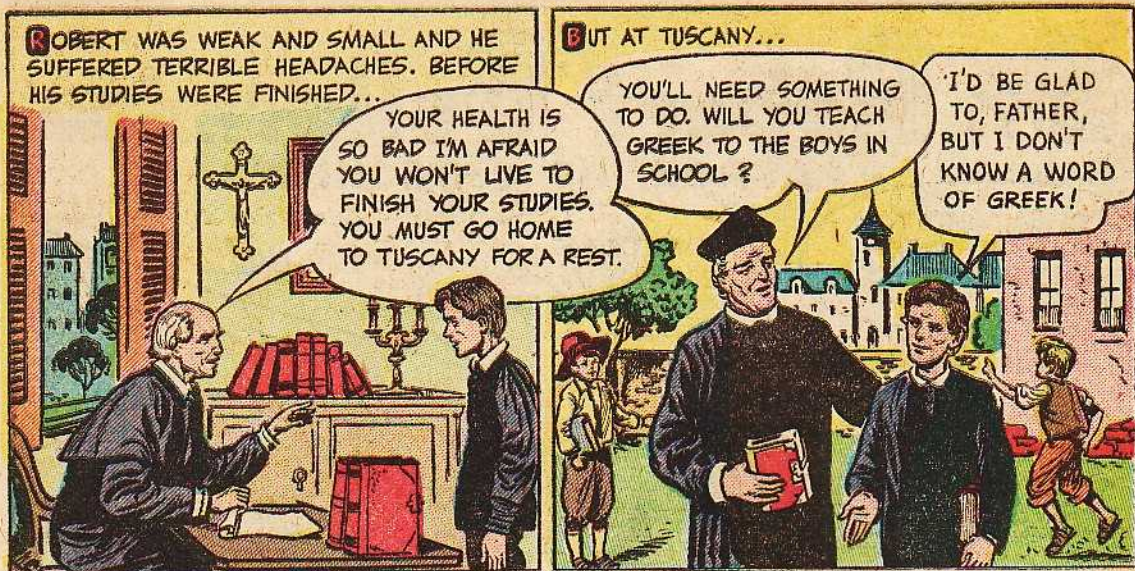
WHO IS ST. ROBERT ? DID HE TEACH CATECHISM?

YES, HE TAUGHT CATECHISM, BUT HE DID OTHER THINGS TOO. HE WAS ONE OF THE GREAT MEN THE CHURCH CALLS ON TO STUDY AND EXPLAIN HER TEACHINGS.

EVEN WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG SEMINARIAN, THE RECTOR WROTE TO HIS SUPERIORS...

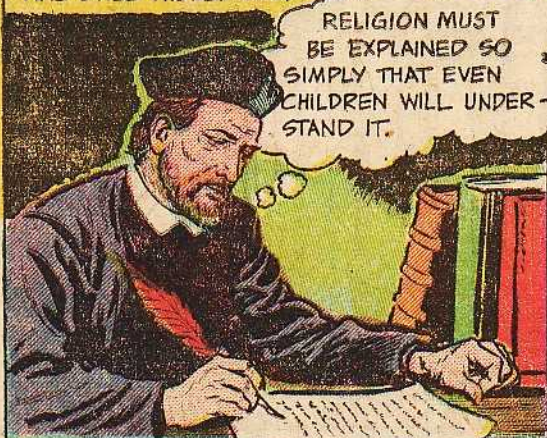
Robert Bellarmine is the best student in our school, and he is not far from the Kingdom of Heaven







BUT THEY WERE WRONG. IT WAS THE WORK OF ONE MAN. BESIDES ALL THIS WORK, HE WROTE TWO CATECHISMS THAT WERE AND ARE STILL WIDELY USED.



RELIGION MUST BE EXPLAINED SO SIMPLY THAT EVEN CHILDREN WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

HE LIVED ON BREAD AND GARLIC AND EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER...



IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE A FIRE, BUT I'LL SUFFER THE COLD IN HONOR OF CHRIST'S PASSION.

EVERYTHING HE OWNED HE GAVE TO THE POOR. EVER WHEN HE WAS MADE ARCHBISHOP OF CAPUA...



I SHALL WEAR THIS FINERY IN THE CHURCH AS BEFITS THE SERVICE OF GOD, BUT MY PERSONAL LIFE WILL REMAIN THE SAME.

BUT, YOUR EXCELLENCY...

ROBERT BELLARMIKE WAS PERSONAL ADVISER TO POPES SIXTUS V AND CLEMENT XIII, WHO...



I AM GOING TO NAME YOU A CARDINAL AND I WON'T LET YOU REFUSE.

I AM YOUR SERVANT, YOUR HOLINESS.

BUT EVEN AS BUSY AS HE WAS, ONE OF CARDINAL BELLARMIKE'S FIRST LOVES WAS TEACHING CATECHISM TO THE CHILDREN. AND WHENEVER POSSIBLE...



NOW THE NEXT TIME WE MEET I WANT YOU TO KNOW THE THIRD LESSON.

AS HE GREW OLDER...



MY DEAR BELLARMIKE YOU HAVE SERVED US WELL. I'M GOING TO GRANT YOU YOUR GREATEST WISH. YOU MAY RETIRE FROM THE BATTLE AND BE SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROMAN SEMINARY.

THANK YOU, YOUR HOLINESS.



AND SO THE OLDER SAINT DIRECTED THE LAST DAYS OF THE LIFE OF THE YOUNGER SAINT. WHEN ALOYSIUS WAS DYING...



AND NEAR THE END OF HIS OWN LIFE, CARDINAL BELLARMINE MET STILL ANOTHER YOUNG JESUIT WHO WAS TO BECOME A SAINT.



NOT LONG AFTERWARD, WHEN CARDINAL BELLARMINE HIMSELF WAS DYING...



AND HE HAD HIS WISH. ALTHOUGH HE DIED IN 1622 CARDINAL BELLARMINE WAS NOT CANONIZED UNTIL 1930. THE FOLLOWING YEAR HE WAS DECLARED A DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH BY POPE PIUS XI. HE IS A FITTING PATRON OF CATECHISTS.

HIGH COUNTRY SCALAWAG

BY FERRIS WEDDLE



NO doubt about it, Frank Blenly reflected, he was in a spot. A Montana blizzard was bad enough if you weren't lost and if you didn't have a sprained ankle! The fact remained that he was lost and his ankle pained so much that he could barely move. But a man had to keep trying, he told himself.

He hobbled toward the shadowy outline of an overhanging ledge. At least he could find protection from the stinging cold of the wind-driven snow. He had one sandwich left in his knapsack. He had plenty of ammunition for his rifle, but he'd be unable to do much hunting until his ankle healed a bit.

A short time later he had a fire going, mentally thanking the pack rats and other rodents which had made nests near the ledges. Making a crude crutch from a forked limb, he hobbled into the fringe of trees and lugged back some larger pieces of wood, building up a big stack. He'd have to keep a fire going, otherwise he'd freeze. And, too, this was cougar country. One never knew what to expect from a hungry cougar. At least a man lost in the woods felt that way.

Frank ate the sandwich, tightening his belt, and trying to forget that he was still hungry. He stared at the fringe of timber, much of it young stuff, swaying in the wind. Snow silvered some of the green boughs. Abruptly, his thoughts ceased as he glimpsed a dark form huddled in one of the nearest trees.

A feeling of excitement in him, he hobbled erect, picking up his rifle. At the base of the tree he saw the evidence of the tree's occupant—scattered bits of bough and dark droppings. *Porcupine!*

Tensely he peered into the tree and finally located the porky. Bracing himself against another tree, he fired at the bulk. He knew he had hit the animal by the dull thud of the bullet. A second shot was necessary before he brought the quilly down.

"A big one—at least twenty-five pounds," he murmured, poking the body which appeared to be an oversized, brownish-yellow pincushion. "Enough meat to last until this ankle heals," he added, carefully picking the porky up by one paw and dragging it to the fire.

Later, eating roasted porcupine, Frank Blenly had to admit that it wasn't the best meat in the world—but it would keep a man alive. Once again the lowly porcupine, a member of the rodent family, had proved his worth: food for men lost in the wilderness country.

This story reveals the extent of the economic good of the porcupine, known also as an American "hedgehog" and "quillpig." Generally speaking, most woodsmen regard the animal as a nuisance and as just a plain scalawag. Meandering aimlessly, lazily, the porky may be found in high country, low country, right up to the desert's edge. In some areas the animal is almost as destructive as forest fires in destroying trees.

Porkies are fond of invading fruit orchards and alfalfa fields, too. Because of these destructive habits, the animal is usually controlled by any means possible—shooting, trapping, and poisoning. Only in certain areas in remote country is the animal given semi-protection by residents and for the reason mentioned earlier—a man lost and weaponless can kill the indolent creatures with a club and thus keep from starving.

Porcupines may reach a weight of forty pounds in some cases, but the usual weight is from twenty to twenty-five pounds. The way they devour buds, bark, leaves, and various types of ground vegetation one would think their appetite is seldom satisfied.

Campers in porcupine country are convinced that porkies will eat anything from the handles out of axes, shovels, and picks to the leather in saddles and in a man's belt—even if the belt is on the man!

Typical of the havoc caused by a porcupine invasion of a camp site is the story of a northwoods trapper and hunter we can call Bill.

Bill had gone into the Canadian wilderness before the heavy snow and built a good-sized cabin. He brought in his camping outfit and quite a lot of foodstuff. Needing a few more supplies, he went out for them, merely locking the cabin.

The scene that met his startled gaze when he returned left him speechless for a moment. The handles of his axe and hatchet were chewed until they were worthless. His camp stool and cot were also chewed. There was a gaping hole in the floor near the stove. A spare saddle, bridles, and other leather equipment were gnawed so badly that they would be useless. Food was scattered all over the place. Not even one grain of salt remained.

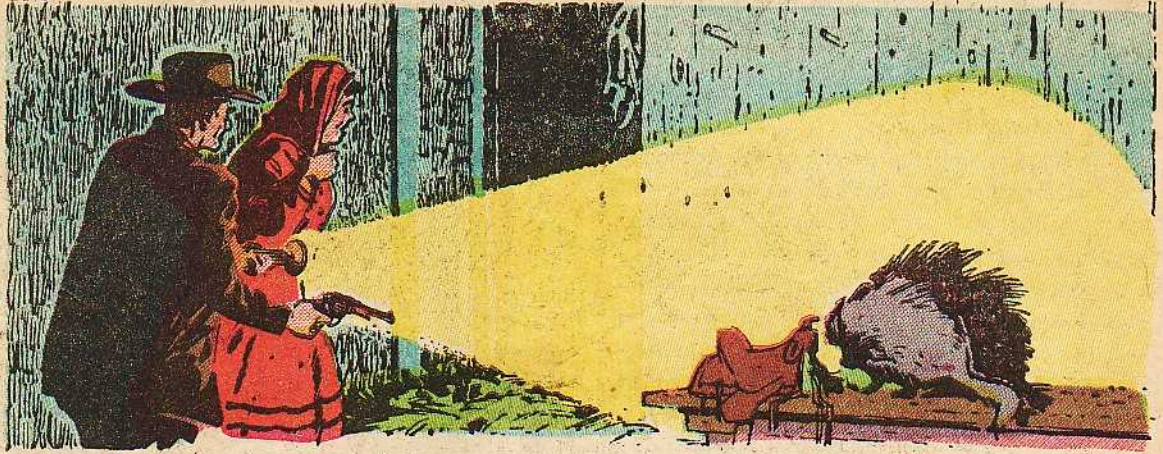


The disappearance of the salt gave him the clue: Only one animal had such a craving for salt—porcupine! And from the appearance of the place and musky odor in the cabin a half dozen porkies had been at work! They'd gnawed a hole in the floor because he had once spilled a skilletful of bacon grease on it. They had gnawed the wooden handles and the leather for the salt left by his hands and by his horse.

The only way to combat such invasions in porcupine country is to make cabins porcupine-proof with tin and heavy wood. Poison, mixed with salt and left at convenient locations, will often rid an area of these high-country scalawags.

This craving for salt often gets porcupines into trouble. Their IQ is so poor that they will wander right into a busy street if they have a hankering for salt or for some nice young trees.

In one Idaho town a few months ago the local sheriff was hurriedly called by a storekeeper. The excited man babbled so much that the lawman was sure he was being robbed. So he hurried down. He was being robbed all right—but by a porcupine which was wandering up and down the aisles! Most of the store's customers had left in a hurry!



A Utah law officer had a run-in with a bandit porky, too. Along about midnight he received a call from a near-hysterical ranch woman. Someone was prowling around in the barn, she related. She was sure the intruder was one of the convicts who had recently escaped the pen. The lawman thought so, too; so he really pushed the gas pedal down to reach the ranch. He approached the barn cautiously and yelled at the noisy intruder inside:

"Come on out, with your hands up!"

The noise inside ceased for a moment, then resumed. The sheriff beamed his flashlight inside—but began to feel rather foolish. The intruder was a porcupine, busily gnawing up a saddle!

In disposition the porcupine is sullen, antisocial, and just plain stupid. Many are killed by cars as they try to cross roads without even bothering to get out of the way. Near wrecks are caused when a speeding car hits a large porky.

Generally speaking, however, porcupines are content to remain in one area for weeks at a time—or in one tree if it offers plenty of food! During the winter they curl up in caves, or in trees in the lower country, coming out of their stupor to feed when the urge hits them. The young are born in March or April, sometimes earlier. They come into the world hungry, and in a short time they accompany mama to the treetops.

No doubt you've heard the story that the porcupine can throw its quills. This story has been found to be untrue. There is, however, another story which seems even more unbelievable, but is true: The baby porcupines, at birth, weigh more than bear cubs! A bear cub weighs from ten to

twelve ounces, but young porkies may weigh up to a pound and a quarter.

"A woodsman, even if he likes wild creatures, can't feel close to a porcupine," one naturalist reported a little sadly.

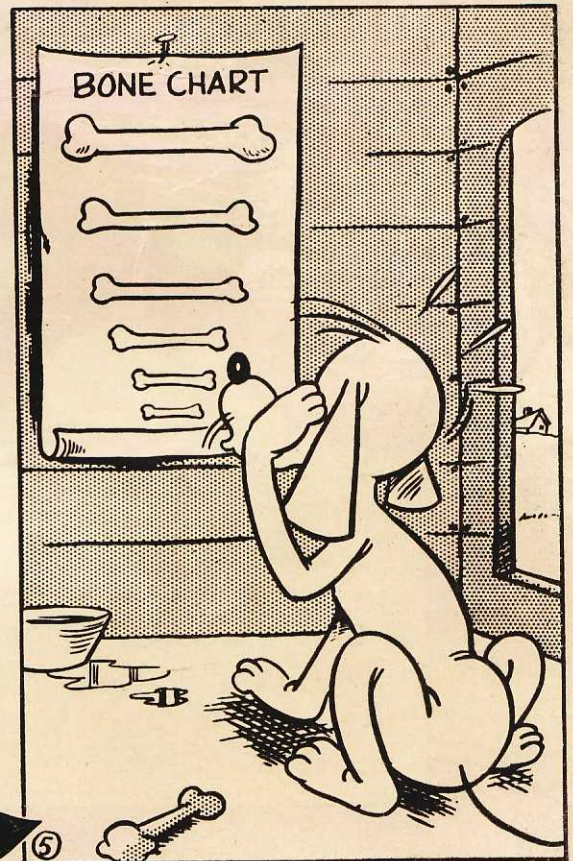
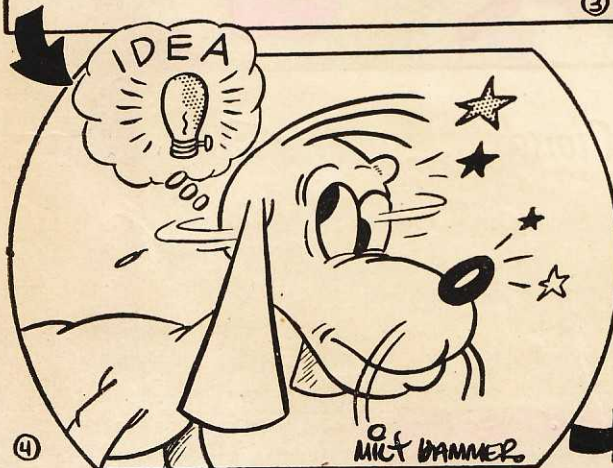
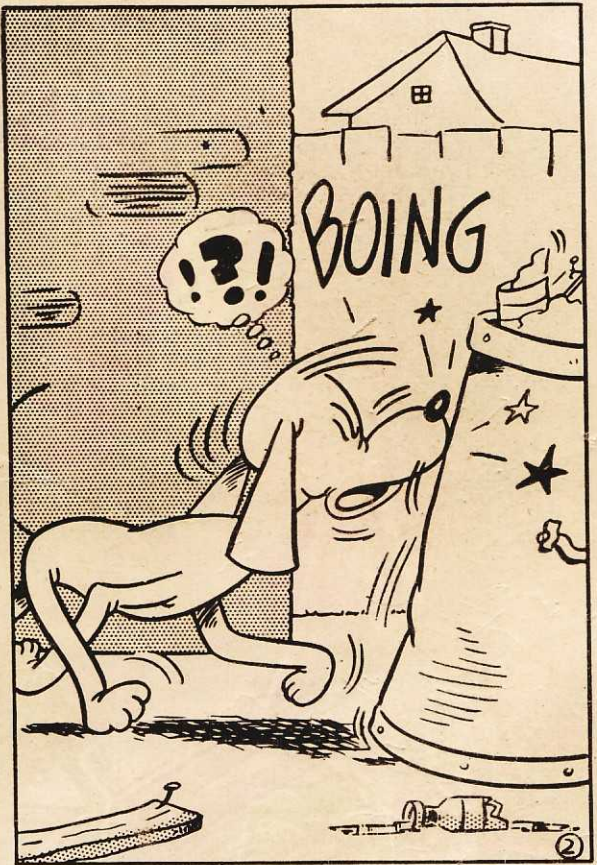
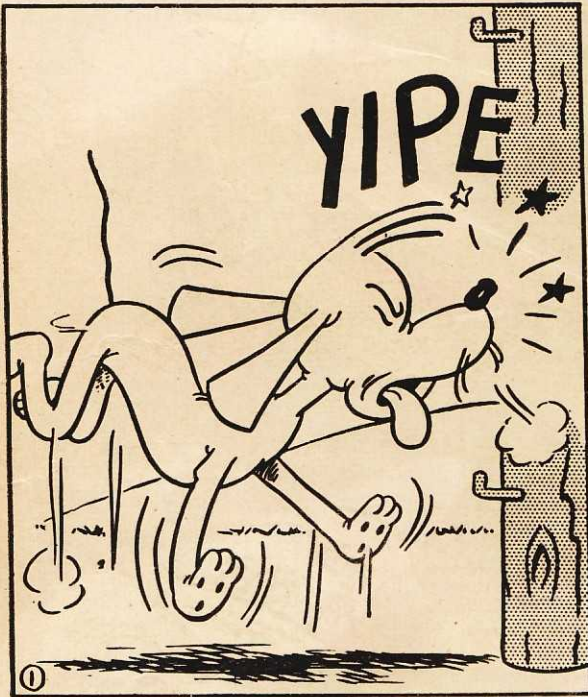
This is due, in no small part, to Mr. Ouch's formidable quills. They are sharp and barbed, and once they penetrate the skin they work in and are extremely painful to extract. Even such hungry hunters as the cougar, wolf, and coyote prefer to let porky go his independent way unless they face starvation. Even then they employ a method that will often allow them to escape with few if any quills.

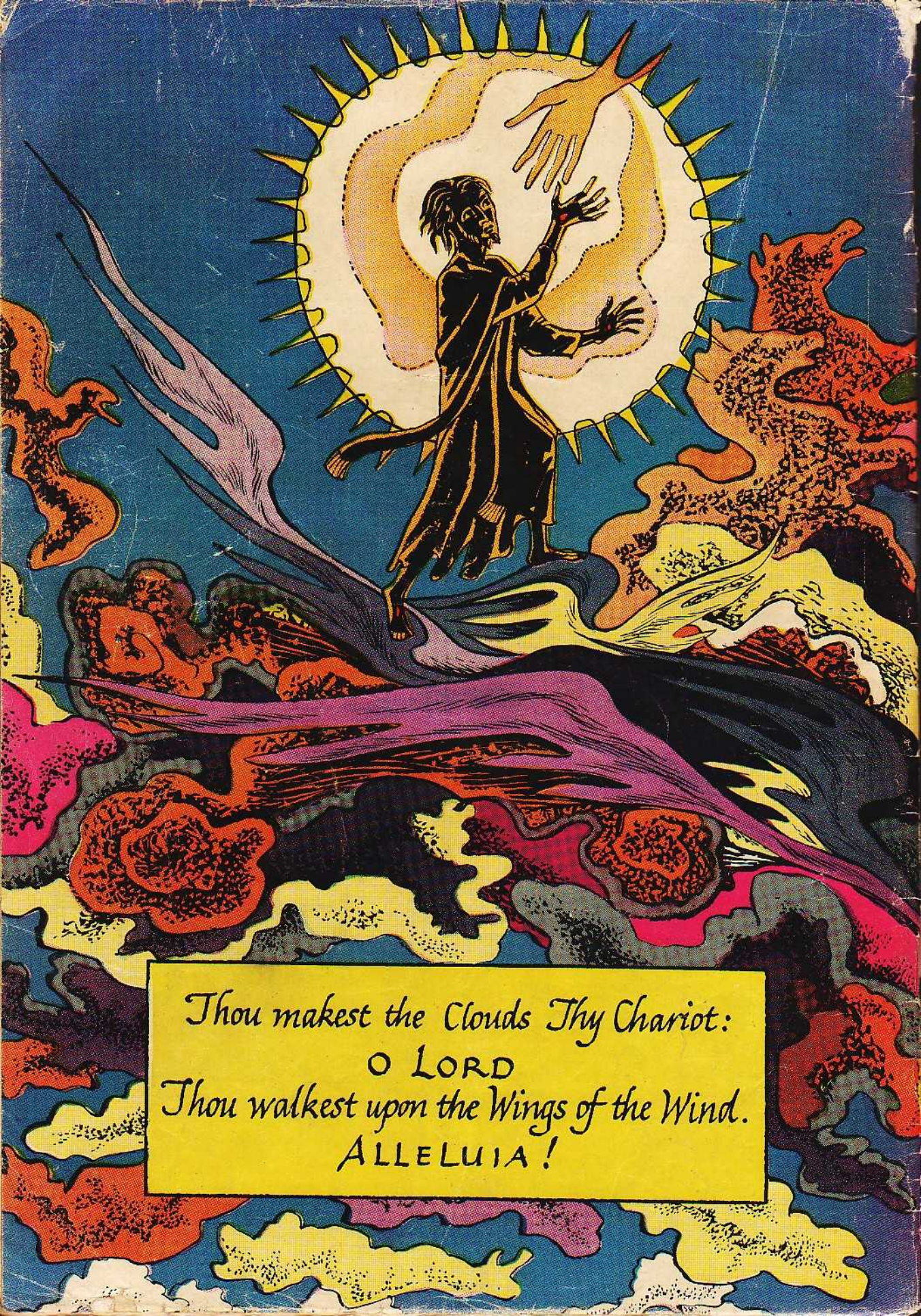
The porky's stomach is soft and unquilled—and a hungry animal can make a quick kill if he can get at this area. Porky knows this; so, if on the ground, he will bunch his body in a way that will discourage attack. A cougar, coyote, or other food hunter will wait patiently until porky has relaxed his ball-like position and starts to waddle away—then the attacker will leap forward and deftly flip porky over on his quilly back!

It is said that the fisher, a blood-thirsty little animal, will attack porcupines by coming up on them from underneath as they huddle on a limb.

Without doubt, however, the porcupine has, in its quills, not only an unusual defensive weapon but also a very effective one, whether used on humans or on other wildlife creatures. He will never be a favorite creature of mankind, but as a part of our varied wildlife scene, porky has his place. Economically useless, except for the quills used for decorating frontier type clothing and moccasins, porky will continue to be the invaluable friend of the person lost in the woods.

SNIFFY.





*Thou makest the Clouds Thy Chariot:
O LORD
Thou walkest upon the Wings of the Wind.
ALLELUIA!*



Treasure Chest #v10_18 (1955)

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